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Little Beast

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LITTLE BEAST

He had green eyes
so I wanted to sleep with him.
Green eyes flecked with yellow, dried leaves on the surface of a pool.
You could drown in those eyes,
I said, staring at everything
like it's on fire and trying to remember it.

The fact of his pulse,
the way he pulls his body in,
out of shyness or shame or a desire not to disturb the air around him.
Everyone could see the way his muscles worked,
the way we look like animals,
his skin barely keeping him inside.

How could anything that follows that be rational?
I wanted to take him home and rough him up
and get my hand inside him,
drive my body into his like a crash test car.
I liked the set of his jaw and the way he smoked his cigarettes.

I wanted to be wanted and he was
very beautiful,
kissed with his eyes closed and only felt good while moving.
You could drown in those eyes, I said,
so it's summer, so it's suicide,
so we're helpless in sleep and struggling at the bottom of the pool.

I was lying if I said I trust him,
thinking that in sleep, at least, he would
look gentle, that somehow whatever tenderness lurks inside him
would show itself.
He is panting and flexing his hands, making fists and letting them go.
I am lying very still, wanting him to have his bad dream
and wake up screaming.